SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
Anderson Intelligencer.

How Sut Lovengood Exploded.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SODA POWDERS.

Sut related the story thus: "George did you ever see Sicily Burnes? Her dad lives at the Ratil Snaik Spring, nigh to the Gregory line."

"Yes, a handsome girl."

"Handsome! that word don't kiver the case; it sounds like calling whiskey water, when ye are at Big Spring and the still house ten miles off, and hit a rainin' an yor flask only half full. She shows among wimen like a sunflower as compared tu dog fennull and smart weed to jimstin. But thar aint no use tryin' to describe her. Couldn't crawl thru a whiskey barrel with both heads stove out, if hit wur hilt sturdy for her, an good foot holt at that. She ways jus two hundred and twenty-six pounds, and stands sixteen hands high. She never got into an arm cheer in her life, an you can lock the top of a churn ur a big dog collar round her waist. I've seed her jump over the top of a split bottom cheer and never show her ankle or ketch her dress onto it. She keried devil enuf about her to fill a four horse waggin bed, with a skin as white as the inside of a frogstool, cheeks and lips as red as peache's gills in dogwood blosom time; an sich a smile! Oh, I be dratted ef its eny use talkin'. That gal cud make me murder old Bishop Soul hifself, or kill mam, not to speak uv dad, ef she jist hinted that she wonted sich a thing dun.

"Well, to tell it all at once, she war a gal all over, from the pint uv her toe nails tu the longest har on her highest knob uv her head—gal all the time, everywhere—and that of the excitinest kind. Ov course I leaned up tu her as close as I dar tu, and in spite uv long legs, appetite for whiskey, my shurt scrape, and dad's actin' hoss, she sotter leaned up to me, an I was a beginnin to think I war the greatest an comfortablist man on yeth not exceptin Old Buck or Brigham Yung, with all his sadil cullered, wrinkled wimmin, cradels full of babies, and Big Salt Lake thrown in. Well, wun day a cussed deceivin, palaverin, Yankee pedlar, all jackknife and jaw, cum to old Burnes, with a load of apple parins, calliker, ribbins, jewsharps an s-o-d-y p-o-w-d-e-r-s. Now mind I'd never hearn tell ov that truck afore, an I be darned ef I don't want it to be the last—wus nor rifle powder—wus nor percussion—three times as smart an hurts wus, heap wus. Durn him. Durn all Yankee pedlars, and durn their principles and practisis, I say. I wish he had all the sody powders they ever made in his cussed paunch, and a slow match fixed tu him, an I had a chunk ov fire, the feller what found a piece of him big enuf to feed a cockroach, ought tu be king of the Sultan's harem a thousand years for his luck. They aint human no how. The mint at Filadelfy is thar heaven; they think their god eats half dimes for breakfast, hashes the levins for dinner, an swallows a cent on a dried apple for supper, sets on a stamping machine for a throne, sleeps on a crib full ov half dollars, and measures men like money, by count. They haint one of them got a soul but what cud dance a jig in a cabbage seed, and leave for the fiddler.

"Well, Sicily bought a tin box ov the sody from him, an hid it away from the folks a savin it for me. I happen'd to pass next day, an ov course I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter, and she wur mighty lovin tu me, put one arm around my neek and tuther one whar the circingle goes round a hoss, tuck the inturn on me with her left fut an gin me a kiss. Says she:

"Sutty, love, I've got somethin fur ye, a new sensation"—an I believed it, fur I begun to feel it already. My toes felt like little minners were at nibblin a 'em—a cold streak a runnin up and down my back like a lizard with a hen turkey arter him in setin time, my heart felt hot and onsatisfied like, and then I'd shot old Soul ef she had hinted a needsisity for such an operashun. Then she poured ten or twelve blue papers ov the sody inter a big tumbler, and about the same number of white ones inter tuther tumbler, an put ni onto a pint of water on both ov them, and stirred em up with a case knife, lookin as solemn as an ole jackass, in a snow storm, when the fodder is all gin out. She hilt one while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it at one run—tasted salty like, I thot it wur part of the sensashun. But I wur mistaken, all uv the cussed sensation wur tu cum, and it wornt long at it, hoss, you'd better believe me. Then she gin me tuther tumbler, an I sent it arter the last, race hoss fashion.

"In about one moment an a haf I thot I had swallowed a thrashin machine in full blast ur a couple of bull dogs, and they had sot tu fitin. I seed that I wur cotched agin—same family dispersition to make cussed fools ot themselves every chance—so I broke for my hoss. I stole a look back, and thar lay Sicily on her back in the porch a screamin with laffin, her heels up in the air a kickin ov them together like she were a tryin to kick her slippers off. But I had no time tu look then, and thar war a road of foam from the house to the hoss two feet wide and four inches deep—looked like it had been a snowin—poppin, an hissin, an bilin like a tub of hot soap suds. I had gathered a cherrytree lim as I run, an lit astraddle ov my hoss, a whippin and a kickin like mad. This, with the skeery noises I made (fur I wur a whislin, an a hissin, an a sputterin, outer mouth, nose an eyes, like a steam engine) sot him a rarin and covortin like he wur out of his senses. Well, he went. The fome rolled and the old black hoss flew. He jist mizzled—skeered ni tu death, an so wur I. So we agreed on the pint of the greatest distance in the smallest time.

"I aimed fur Doctor Goodman's at the Hiwassee Copper Mines, tu git somethin to stop the explosion in my inards. I met a sercuit rider on his travils towards a friendly chicken an a hat full ov ball biskits. As I cum a tarin along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray for me, but as I preferred physic tu prayer, in my pecooliar situwashun, at that time, I jest rooled along. He tuck askear as I cum on tu him, his faith gin out, an he dodged hoss, saddulbags an overcoat into thicket, jist like you've seed a terkil take water often a log when a tarin big steamboat cums along. As he passed ole man Burns, Sicily hailed him, an ax'd ef he'd met anybody gwine in a hurry up the road. The poor man thot perhaps he did an perhaps he didn't, but he'd seed a site, uv a ghost uv ole Belzebub himself, ur the comit, he didn't adzactly know which, but taken all things together an the short time he'd had for preparation, he thot he met a long legged shakin quaker a fleein from the wrath tu kum, and a black an white spotted hoss a whippin ov him with a big brush, an he had a white beard what come ni on tu his eyes tu the pummel uv the saddil, and then forked and went tu his neese, an the beard sometimes drapped tu the ground in bushes as big as a crows nest, and he hern a sound like the rushin ov mity waters, an he wur mitily exercised about it anyhow. Well, I gess he wur an so wur his fat hoss, an old blackey, wust exercised uv all uv them wur I, myself. Now, George, all this beard an spots on the hoss, an steam, an fire, an snow, an fire tails, was oudacious humbug. It all cum outen my inards droopin out ov my mouth without any vomitin ur effort, an ef it hadn't I'd busted inter more pieces than thar is aigs in a big catfish. The Lovengood's is all confounded fools and dad ain't the wust ov em."

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes.—Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sowed, sole superfinely." Simon's spry, seduously spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrack, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satin, shawls; sceptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; selfish Shadrack sold shoe-strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summer's since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs.—Sam soon showed strange symptoms.—Sam seldom stayed, storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfullly, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales!" said Simon. "Stratting spendthrift! scatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally; "Sam's smitten, Sam's spied some sweet-heart."

"Sentimental school-boy!" sullenly snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff!" Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles, sonny, sell saddles sensibly; See Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly; she's stable, so solicit, sue, secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling; "specially since sire shows such spirits."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquises: "Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid—Suppose she should say—Sho! she shan't, she shant!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly, Sam stammered shockingly.

"Sp-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, steadily, staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty shedrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, seciably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighings; super-angelic sylphs shall—

Sophia shrieked; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

Sophia stood silent.

"Speak! Sophia, speak! such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said "sartin."

— A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man; it is the wisdom of the age, and for past ages also. A family without a newspaper is always behind the times in general information. Its members can never find much to think or talk about outside of the neighborhood gossip. The little ones, fed on this sort of intellectual provender, are mentally and morally dwarfed, and in every department of life, they will be found far behind their cotemporaries who have enjoyed the advantage of having the "newspaper in the house."

A Little Girl's View of Life in a Hotel.

I'm only a very little girl, but I think I have just as much right to say what I want to about things, as a boy. I hate boys, they're so mean, they always grab all the strawberries at the dinner-table, and never tell us when they're going to have any fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fire-works, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel; and his mother's room has a window with a balcony, and it was there we had the fire-works right on the balcony. His mother was gone out to buy some crome de lis to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of Lucifer matches, and ever so many pieces of Castile soap, he stealed them from the house-keeper. Just when she was going to put them in her closet Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle want'd her directly a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and the matches, and when she came back we watched her, and she got real mad, and she scolded Delia, that's the chambermaid, and said she knowed she did it; and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed the other day, Delia slapped me, and she said she wasn't going to make the bed two times to please me, then Bessie and me sticked the match in the soap like tenpins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned a little of the gas on so's his mother would think it was that.

We get our dinner with the nurses, cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for children if they sit at the table in the big dining room; once my mother let me go there with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said "little girls should be seen and not heard." The mean old thing died last week and I was real glad, and I told Delia so, and she said if I went and said things like that I couldn't go to heaven; much she knows about it, I wouldn't want to go, if dirty old things like she is went there. Yesterday Mary, our nurse, told Bessie Nettle's nurse that she heard Larry Finnegan was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saves candies for me from the big dining room. And Bessie Nettle's nurse said, "O Lord!" and Bessie Nettle went in her mother's room and her little brother said she nipped him, and Bessie said, "O Lord! what a lie!" and you should have heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut her up in a dark room where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water, and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the keyhole, and said, "Bessie, the devil is coming to fetch you," and Bessie screamed and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked, and Gus says he's a good mind to set the house on fire some day and burn her out.

One day I went to the parlor and creeped under a sofa, and there wasn't nobody there. They don't let dogs nor children go in the parlor, and I think it's real mean—and I creeped under the sofa, so's nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce came in and Miss Jackson; I don't like Miss Jackson, she said one day children was a worse nuisance than dogs was. And Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came and sitted down on the sofa, and he said, "O, Louisiana, I do love you so much," and then he kissed her. I heard it smack. And she said, "O Thomas, I wish I could believe you, don't you never kiss anybody else?" and he said, "No, dearest," and I called out, "O what a big story, for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night when the gas was turned down." Didn't he jump up, you bet—Gus always says you bet—and he pulled me out and tored my frock, and he said, "O you wicked child, where do you expect to go for telling stories?" and I told him "you shut up, I ain't going anywhere with you." I wish that man would die like the other did, so I do, and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

Gus Rogers' mother had a lunch party in her parlor, and they had champagne and they never gave him any, and when his mother wasn't looking he founded a bottle half full on the sideboard, and he stealed it and took it in our nursery, and Mary wasnt there, and Gus and me drinked it out of the glass Mary brushes her teeth in, and it was real nice; and we looked in Mary's wardrobe and finded her frock she goes to church in, and Gus put it on, and Mary's bonnet too, and we went in the hall and we tumbled down and tored Mary's frock, and made my nose bleed, and Gus said, "O there's a earthquake," 'cause we couldn't stand up, and you should see how the house did go up and down, awful; and Gus and me laid down on the carpet and the housekeeper picked me up and tooked me to my mother, and my mother said, "O my, whatever have you been doing?" and I said, "O Lord, I drinked champagne out of Gus Roger's mother's bottle in the glass Mary brushes her teeth in," and the house-keeper says, "O my goodness gracious, that child's as tight as bricks," and I said, "you bet, bully for you," and then I was awful sick, and I have forgotten what else.

BAD DRESSING.—"Men as well as women," says the Pall Mall *Gazette*, in an article on the dress of English women, "sometimes dress in an eccentric manner from mere caprice, or from an idea that it is unworthy of a sensible person to take any trouble whatever about dress. They think it is creditable to them to say, 'I do not care how I dress.' In reality, it only shows that they are untidy by nature. No man pays his brains a compliment by going about the streets a sloven. Men of talent, great writers and great orators, must cherish the belief that they are superior to dress, or the shabbiest men in the community would not be found so often in their ranks. Clever women usually show the same contempt of dress. If untidiness were confined to them, it would not be of very much consequence, but it is more general with their sex, strange to say, than with ours. And yet very few women can prudently disregard the attractions which they might derive from dresses of grateful tints and perfect shape. The draggle-tailed appearance of married women of the poorer class is, we do not doubt, one cause of the preference which their husbands show for the public house. It must be a miserable thing to live in the same house with a woman who is, figuratively speaking, down at heel all over."

THE GREAT LESSON.—The first great lesson a young man should learn is, that he knows nothing. The earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learnt the better. A home-bred youth, growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the facts that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is but of little value, the next lesson is that the world cares nothing about him. He is the subject of one man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by the one sex nor envied by the other. He has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed till he becomes noticeable; he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is some use to society. No recommendations or introductions will give this; he must do something to be recognized as somebody.

The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait as well as to work, and to be content with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results.

Let this, then, be understood at starting, that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise; is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requsite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining it when gained. It is the general rule in all the world, and in all time unearned success is a curse.

TWO MEALS A DAY.—If any man or woman of forty-five or over, not engaged in hard manual labor, especially the studious, sedentary and indoor livers, would take but two meals a day for one month, the second not being latter than three in the afternoon, and absolutely nothing afterwards, except it might be in some cases an orange or lemon, or cup of warm drink, such as tea, broma, sugar-water, or ice cream, there would be such a change for the better in the way of sound sleep, a feeling, on waking of having rested, an appetite for breakfast, a buoyance of disposition during the day, with a geniality of temper and manner that few, except the animal and the glutton, would be willing to go back to the flesh pots of Egypt.

"Ben. Wade," as he is frequently called, one of the political lions of the west, has taken but two meals a day for twenty years, and if all sedentary persons, those who are in doors a greater part of their time would after the age of forty-five observe the same inflexible rule, there can be no doubt, other things being equal that long years of happy exemption from the ordinary ills of life would be the result. The reason is that the stomach would have time to rest, for recuperation, and would thus be able to perform its part more thoroughly, making purer blood, giving better sleep and securing good appetite for breakfast. Let any man try it for ten days, taking the second meal seven hours after the first, and abandon the practice if he can.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.—When a man has established a home, has a wife and children, the most important duties of his life has fairly begun. The errors of his youth may be obliterated, the faults of his early days may be overlooked; but from the moment of his marriage he commences to write an ineffaceable history; not by pen and ink, but by deeds, by which he must ever afterwards be reported and judged. His conduct at home; his care for his family; the training of his children; his attentions to his wife his devotions to the great interests of eternity; these are the tests by which his character will afterwards be estimated by all who think or care about him. These will determine his position while living, and influence his memory when the grave has closed over him. And as he uses well or ill the brief space allotted to him, out of all eternity, to establish a fame founded upon the most solid of all foundations—p ivate v o k—so will God and man judge of him. He holds in his hands the private weal and woe of wife and children; and if he abuses this most holy, God-given trust, he cannot hope for mercy hereafter. Many a child goes astray, simply because home lacks sunshine. Many a wife esteems death her best friend, because he who swore before God to "love, honor, and cherish," has forgotten his vows.

STOPPED HIS PAPER.—The following anecdote of the late Mr. Swain, from the Philadelphia *Press*, is not without its moral in other latitudes than Pennsylvania:

Many years ago, Mr. Swain, then editor of the Public Ledger, was hailed at the corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut-streets by a very excited individual, who informed him in the most emphatic terms, "I have stopped your paper, sir," and proceeded to explain the why and wherefore, all the time gesticulating wildly. "My gracious, sir, you don't say so. Come with me to the office, and let us see if we cannot remedy the matter. It grieves me that any one should stop my paper." Down Chestnut-street to Third the two proceeded. Arriving at the office, Mr. Swain said: "Why, my dear sir, everything seems to be going on here as usual; I thought you had stopped my paper." Then and there the excited gentleman, whom the long walk by the way, had partly cooled, said that he had stopped taking his one copy of the Ledger. Mr. Swain was profuse in his apologies for having misunderstood the meaning of his late subscriber's words, and regretted that he had given him the tramp from Eighteenth-street to Third, down Chestnut. The gentleman went on his way home, a wiser if not a better man, marvelling at the stupidity of editors in general, and of Mr. Swain in particular. Before he left, however, he ordered that the Ledger be still sent to his address.

"Murder Will Out."

Is a saying of unknown antiquity, but proves as true at the present day as in the dim corridors of the past. "Thou shalt not kill" is a decree of immutable power, and its violation subjects man to tortures of a violated conscience and to the constant terrors of retributive justice. In every look he sees suspicion, in every sound he hears the tread of pursuit, and in the lone night watches, his dreams are of murder, gibbets, and death; "blood for blood" pursues him to the ends of the earth—he has the mark of Cain upon him, and, like that poor out-cast, he feels that every man's hand is against him and ready to slay him. But even if, like him, he escape summary execution or detection, he feels, till his last hour, the unsupportable weight of that "mark" which will not let the "man of blood" go down to his grave in peace; and even the grave sometimes discloses the dread secrets which the guilty wretch has, for a time, tried to hide.

We were led into these reflections by the relation, by a legal gifted friend of this town, of a heartless murder and its final revelation, that took place in our State many years ago. A man by the name of J———, of Wayne county, N. C., sold a free negro (whom he had cheated into the belief that he was hiring) to a gentleman whom we will call Brown, in one of the adjacent districts of South Carolina. Sometime afterwards Brown discovered the fraud, and, immediately wrote to J———, from whom he had purchased him in Wayne county, that if he paid back the money he had paid him for the free negro he would not prosecute him, and besides keep it a profound secret. To this Mr. J——— replied he would gladly do so, and urged Mr. Brown to come for it immediately, and closed by assuring him of his gratitute that he had spared his family the humiliation of a public disclosure. Mr. Brown, therefore, left his home on horseback for Wayne county, and, upon reaching the residence of Mr. J———, he was kindly received and sumptuously entertained. The money was paid over to him, and he was prevailed on to spend several days with his family and enjoy the sports of the country. After a very pleasant sojourn of a week he started for his home, in South Carolina, with the best wishes of his host and family that he might have a safe journey, and return often to enjoy their hospitalities. Several weeks after his departure letters were received from Mr. Brown's family making enquiry for him, and stating that he had not returned to his home. Search and enquiry, however, proved fruitless; Mr. Brown never returned. Mr. J——— who had sold the free negro never appeared at his ease afterwards; but it was thought to be owing to the unaccountable and mysterious disappearance of Mr. Brown, who had been his guest. Years afterwards, and not long ago, Mr. J———, on his death bed, urged his family and friends not to bury him in the family grave yard. He was very vehement in this request, but it was presumed to be but a vagury of his diseased brain, and his dying wishes were therefore disregarded. His remains were carried to the family burying ground and the grave digger commenced his work; but, when he had reached a certain depth, his spade struck a solid object—obstructions which, upon their removal, proved to be the skeletons of a man and horse, with irons of a saddle, the iron buttons, too, upon the skeleton were found to be the same that Mr. Brown had worn.

Thus, even at the grave, before the clods of the valley had shut him out forever from the light of day, surrounded by those who had met to do honor to his memory, without judge or jury, these silent witnesses, his own dread of the spot, the ghastly skeleton, with grinning teeth and sightless eyes, the buttons, the saddle irons, pronounced him to the judgment of all present, a heartless fiendish *murderer*. There was no appeal from this decision. The cause of the murdered victim, whose blood had so long "cried from the ground," was urged in silence, but surpassing in point and pungency, the thunders of convincing eloquence. No Judge gave a charge, but the jury—every eye and heart—pronounced his doom, and consigned his body, unhonored, to the grave he had once dug, while his soul stood trembling at the bar of Him who said "vengeance is mine!"

Of a truth, "murder will out!"—*Wades boro' Argus.*

WHITHER DRIFTING!—The New York *Journal of Commerce* is thoughtful and fearful of the changes through which the country is passing. Radical hate of the South, Radical tyranny, and Radical dishonesty are the causes. The *Journal of Commerce* says:

"A wise, and great, and good man, now gone to his reward, once declared in our hearing that the great strength of our form of government lay in the fact that it was the nearly unanimous choice of the people; so much so that if by any sudden convulsion the machinery should be disarranged, the people in convention assembled would re-establish it precisely upon the original model. Can this be said of the government of to-day? Does any thoughtful man believe that a convention of delegates elected for that purpose would reproduce as their choice the present Constitution adorned anew with the patches recently added, and including also those now prepared for application? Are we not drifting somewhat heedlessly into organic changes, the real meaning and effect of which the nation is yet to realize to its sorrow?

— A certain queer genius whose prominet speciality was an aversion to water, happened home late one night, with that peculiar, furry sensation about his tongue and tonsils which gentlemen who rejoice in Clubs will remember as part of their experience. His wife had left standing upon a bureau a tumbler, in which—for some purpose known to housewives—she had put a small ball of silken thread to soak. Without observing this fact Bibulous seized the tumbler, and swallowed its contents. Feeling a thread in his mouth he began pulling upon it. To his horrror, yard after yard came stringing forth, until, in an agnoy of excitement, he cried out: 'Lucy, Lucy, for God's sake come here! I'm unravelin."

— Prentice says he tries to be impartial, but, for all that, he is unable to look at the negroes except on the dark side.

The Cuban Struggle.

Little more than six months ago, Carlos Manuel Cespes, a native Cuban of good education, great activity and energy of character, and a wild, daring, and perhaps desperate spirit of adventure, commenced at Yara, in the Eastern Department of Cuba, upon the alleged ground of intolerable Spanish oppression and tyranny, the insurrection which now excites so much of the attention of the civilized world. No sooner did he raise the standard of revolt and call his countrymen to the rescue than they gathered around him with alacrity and in numbers which indicated that he had struck in the depths of their hearts a chord that had long been ready to give forth its echoes to the touch of a master hand. The Spanish authorities could not afford to diregard, even for a day, the movement of the insurgents, for they saw in it what they had long had reason to expect. They at once took as vigorous measures as they could for the suppression of the revolt, knowing all the time that they were operating in the midst of a population generally hostile to them and to their designs of subjugation.

The Spaniards have made three distinct and separate movements for the suppression of the revolt, neither of them a complete failure and neither of them any considerable success. The first was in the Eastern Department under Valmaseda, who was sent out from Havanna to take possession of Bayamo, then the revolutionary headquarters. After encountering many hardships, vast difficulties and obstructions, and heavy and damaging losses, he got to the place of his destination but only to find it a blackened and blasted ruin, the insurgents having set fire to it with their own hands before his arrival. He is still at Bayamo, and keeps bodies of troops at points around to a distance of thirty or forty miles, but the insurgents are continually in arms on all sides, harassing and cutting off his detachments and supplies, and he can subjugate the people only at the immediate points which he is able to keep garrisoned. He inflicts some injuries and sufferings, and is said to endure quite as many. Still he undoubtedly needs only the necessary troops to accomplish whatever he wishes to accomplish in the quarter of the island where he is.

The next movement was that of Lesca, who marched from Guanaja to relieve Puerto Principe in the Central Department, where the Spanish garrison, which had been stationed there for a considerable time before the breaking out of the insurrection, was threatened and besieged by the insurgents led by Quesada. The result was to a considerable extent like that experienced by Valmaseda. Lesca's whole march was through a region thickly beset by effective guerrillas, and, after having lost thirty-one officers, six-hundred soldiers killed and wounded, two-thirds of his ammunition and provisions, and all his money, he at last entered Puerto Principe, already sacked though not destroyed by the retreating insurgents, and ever since he has been cooped up within a very limited space, unable, for the want of adequate force, to accomplish to any important extent the object of his expedition.

The third and last of the Spanish operations consisted of a concentric movement of three columns against Siguanea in the southwest portion of the Central Department. One column of two thousand men, under Gen. Escalante, marched from Alvarez, in the District of Sagua, one of one thousand, under Buceta, from Villa Clara and the third of one thousand, under Letona, northward from Trinidad. These three columns had an experience much like that of the other two expeditions. They found no organized bodies of rebel troops, and had no opportunities to fight, but they suffered annoyances, in almost every mile of their progress, from guerrilla attacks, which they were powerless either to avoid or to avenge. No statement was made of the losses of Escalante and Buceta except that they were heavy. Those of Lentona amounted to three hundred, nearly one-third of his whole force. The three forces, having arrived at their points of destination, and are now said to be holding their own, but they have done scarcely more, their detachments in search of subsistence being continually attacked, robbed, and partially destroyed by roving bodies of insurgents familiar with every square rod of the territory and burning with hate and vengeance against their invaders.

There can be little doubt that the native Cuban would be able to achieve and to maintain their independence against the Spanish forces now upon their island, but, according to the latest dispatches, Gen. Letona, the ablest of the Spanish Generals, has taken command of the Central District, and, having received a reinforcement of seven thousand men from Havana and the promise of still further forces from the home Government, intends to open at once a vigorous campaign and to make it as short and decisive as possible. Of course we can hardly expect him to fail unless the yellow fever and other diseases of the unaccustomed climate shall make terrible havoc among his men or unless powerful aid shall find its way to the struggling Cubans from the United States. That formidable aid will go from the United States we neither expect nor under all circumstances desire. As for disease, if it must make its stated ravages in Cuba, we could prefer that it should seize upon the invaders, upon the emissaries of tyranny and oppression, rather than upon the victims of tyranny and oppression. And the diseases of a climate are notoriously inhospitable. They prefer to attack strangers.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CARPET-BAGGER—SCOUNDREL.—There is no difference between a *carpet bagger* and a *scoundrel*. The words are synonymous. It cannot be otherwise. We do not care whether he is a man of long prayers, or short ones, or of no prayers at all. He is an adventurer of a sordid, vengeful, reckless, sensual cast. He cares only for self, in point of worldly profit; and has no care as to how his interests are promoted. Rule or ruin is his motto; force is his weapon, deceit and falsehood his main allies, and canting piety his refuge. The carpet-bagger in his best estate is a hypocrite and a scoundrel. Under the pretext of extra philanthrophy he is doing the devil's work wherever he goes, keeping up excitement, propagating falsehood and ill-feeling.—*Circleville (Ohio) Democrat.*

— A table of interest—the dinner-table.